

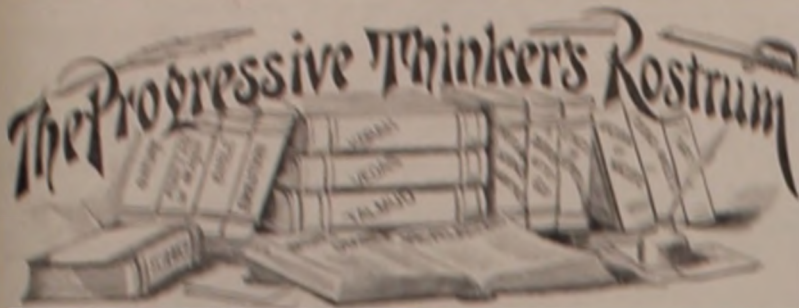
The Progressive Thinker

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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THE TWO RELIGIONS.

The Religion of Pain and the Religion of Joy.

They are Contrasted and Compared BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I call your attention to a contrast. The belief, old as mankind, in the arbitrary rule of the gods on one hand, and abject servility on the other. A religion which shrouded this life in gloom, draped its festive halls with sackcloth, and made pain and grief passports to future happiness. I would contrast with knowledge which teaches the direct reverse, and makes happiness a heritage, and pain a sign of wrong doing. I would contrast the old belief that Religion must come from without, descending from God, and received by Revelation inspired by him, with the new spiritual knowledge which teaches that morality, or its form of unselfish devotion to the right called Religion, is the spontaneous product of progressive growth, coming from within, and the inheritance of every human being. Having seen what the result of the first has been, for the pages of history have recorded it with the heart's blood of Nations, we shall contrast the results gained by knowledge, material and spiritual. The Mother Church enlisted the Masters of Art to depict on the glowing walls of its Cathedrals, with terrible realism the symbols of its faith. The central, most prominent figure is the cross, on which is nailed the Christ in the throes of mortal agony. On his face is not depicted the will and purpose, or self-sustaining conscious strength of a god; not even the resolution and self-sacrifice of a noble man. On the contrary there is the weakness of defeat, the tears of despair, the expression of acknowledged weakness, and supplication for aid from a supernatural source. It is an image, with the bleeding wounds, the tortured face with ashen lips and the pallor of death. By its side is the Madonna, the Virgin Mother, pale with weeping, and chastened by disappointment, until she ceases to revere at the hardest blow of fate, and offers no resistance but supplication. She is the mother of the dying God, and of PAIN. These are the representatives of saints. Canonized for what? For their beauty of spirit, their good deeds, their sweetness of soul? If so, their portraits libel their character. Canonized for their hardy endurance of suffering, for their scorn of the pleasures held dear to ordinary men, for the sacrifice of the body, the sustenance of long fasts, or exposure to the inclemency of the weather. Some of them are represented in the very act which gave them sainthood. One is lacerating his naked shoulders with knotted thongs; another is clad in a garment which cuts into the flesh, and, most horrible, harsh features, but most holy, is one who opens a gaping wound in his own breast, and plucks out with gory hands his quivering heart. Dreadful to look upon! The knotted veins of agony; the open and distorted mouth, and the blood dripping hands, beholden with unutterable horror and disgust. Yet there was a time when the idea of the highest duty of life was thus represented, and the whole Christian world accepted it to-day, for it is the cardinal point of Christian faith. These pictures and images symbolize a lesson of duty.

Thus should the spirit scorn the corrupting flesh! Thus should it triumph over its bondage. The more pain inflicted on the body, the greater the heavenly reward! Strange bewilderment which made pain expository to the lack of the spirit! Which made it a deposit in bank to be drawn on in the next life. The devotee might look with sympathetic eyes on the self-immolating saint, and endeavor to spiritually imitate his example; but now the dying saint is a curiosity which awakens horror and disgust, and if now living would be at once consigned to the walls of a mad house. The doctrine of the blessedness of pain, defeat, sorrow, and disappointment was taught by the Evangelists. Suffering was the most feasible method of purifying the spirit from the sinful contact with the body. It was by self-denial of pleasures, desires and all that makes mortal life enjoyable, that heaven was gained, and in proportion to suffering here would be the joy in the hereafter. Jesus, the ideal, was a man of sorrow. He often wept, but never smiled. He blessed the mourners and those who suffered loss—it was their eternal gain. This belief was wrought into Christianity, although not peculiar to it, for all savage people have almost the same identical conceptions. They all accept the belief that man was made not for his own enjoyment, but for the pleasure of God. The savage hates rather than loves, and hence the early gods are gods of hate and their anger must be propitiated.

They demand that which is held most dear, which is the greatest sacrifice to give. They must have the best, the first of the flocks and herds, the first of the harvest or the vintage, the first-born child. The native of Africa knocks out a tooth, cuts off a finger, or otherwise mutilates himself, and gives the fragment which causes him pain to his god. Jephtha gave his daughter, because her loving heart expressed its joy by running to meet him; Abraham his son, because his overwhelming love seemed to invite the command to do so. In exactly the same spirit God offers his own first and only son to expiate sin and appease his own wrath! Infinite sin called for infinite suffering, which was experienced by Christ, and the devotee may well weep over the crucifix, which not only symbolizes the infinite agony of God, but his own sin which made the suffering necessary. Mothers weep as for your own son, and maidens, as for your own dearly loved! He gave his life to atone for the crimes of death, and his death gave eternal life to all mankind who believed.

Terrible results spring from this perverted view of man and God, and the Christian world for a thousand years suffered a nightmare from its theology, which enslaved Europe, and crushing reason, forced its mandates by superstitious offspring of ignorance. Among savage tribes we may meet with the same abject fear that the people of Europe exhibited during the ages when the Church was supreme. The medicine-man has but to mutter a charm, and the whole village will be seized with pain. He shakes his calabash rattle, and the gods obey him. He wishes to gain attention of his deity, but it is not with the smiles of joy he enters the sanctuary; it is with a scowled body and with bruised flesh, for the gods love pain and hate the happy heart. In that fast expanding civilization which the Spaniards found on the western shores of America, this has taken most active form, and to appease the anger of the gods, and atone for the little joy which mere existence bestows, the altars of the temples literally dived with human gore. The Aztec army was commissioned to bring yearly scores of thousands of prisoners, who were marched in solemn procession up the winding approaches to the altars and then stretched over the reeking block, the high priest tore the heart of the victim from his body and held it up yet palpitating for the gods to witness. To such an extent had this sacrifice enlarged that it seriously effected the population, and would have blasted the promises of this building civilization, had not the Christian Spaniards blotted it out of existence.

The results of this Religion of Pain, as developed in the seething soil of ignorance, form the subject of the most revolting narrative in the history of the world. God became everything, and man a worm of the dust, under the ban of infinite sin and disgrace. Incomparably, unutterably corrupt, even to the necessity of God offering his only son on the cross as atonement. In case the least favor from the Almighty was just that much granted from pity to subjects who deserved only unalloyed chastisement. Man deserved of himself nothing but punishment. If he received favor, it was undeserved gifts. His whole care should be to attempt to appease his god, by sacrifice as great in his sphere, as God had already made for him. Was he to enjoy the pleasures of life when that God had allowed him his sake to suffer the agonies of death for his sake? To suffer the thought beneath the feet of scorn! If the world tempt, if the love of home, of wife, of children, of father or mother invite, thrust them aside. Abhor riches, hold no thought for the morrow, renounce everything which yields happiness, and then fly to the wilderness, away from the snares of men and wives of women. Asport the power of the spirit by inflicting the pangs of hunger and thirst, and ghastly wounds on the body, for, perhaps, thereby a small part of God's sacrifice may be realized. Woman, whose heart yearns for the joys of home and loving companions, must renounce all in the cell of a convent, and her brother in the Cloister of a Monastery, crush the feelings of corrupted nature. And this view of God and Nature was slightly modified by the reformation. It exists in full force to-day in the Catholic Church, and here in the midst of political and religious freedom, makes slaves of thousands and tens of thousands of men and women. We can appreciate the sufferings of a martyr bound to the rack, but the suffering of a woman, crushed in ignorance and persuaded to take the veil which makes her the bride of Christ, the utter loneliness of heart at such living death, no one may comprehend. The Protestants held the same gloomy views of man's nature and relation to God, and with them it assumed even greater austerity. In the Pilgrims it ap-

pears in harshest form, blasting the affection, affecting the judgement by the elation of reason. The only happiness the Pilgrims knew was in making themselves miserable. They gloried in the discomfort of the body. Their churches were unwarmed, even in the coldest winter, and the preachers preached doctrines glowing with hell fire, and not enough to warm even an iceberg.

To kiss his wife or child on Sunday, to enjoy the fragrant meal, or gaze on the lovely faces of nature were sins. God had set apart Sunday for his own, and as a punishment to his children commanded them to read the Bible and attend church. The very air became blue with sanctity which, had it been analyzed, would have resolved itself into a hard exacting selfishness so dominated by fear that it would sacrifice everything and every body to make its own election sure. And when they read the Bible they turned to the warnings and denunciations of the prophets, and the sermons blazed with the fire of hell, warnings against the devil and receipts how to escape the wrath of God, who was like a bear that is bereaved of his whelps and will rend the caul of their hearts, and then devour them like a lion. (Hosea, XIII, 8). Standing at this distance of almost three centuries, we may ask which was the good, which the evil deity?

The minister then, as God's representative, was the one most important personage, who interfered in all the affairs of life, from birth to death. Oh! how wonderfully the priest has dissolved and vanished in his power. He no longer holds the keys of heaven and hell, and his blessings and anathemas are the same. Children may be born without the interposition of the priests, marriages legalized by civil officers, and fear of purgatory need no more trouble the dying. In Protestant communities at least, the minister, once the leader and self-appointed dictator, has no influence conferred by his office, and is respected only for his worth as a citizen and man. In Catholic communities with the increase of knowledge, the priest is losing ground. Italy, the home of the papacy, has passed from its heroic control, and at Rome the pope has no civil influence.

The Religion of Fear has passed like the goblins of the night. It frightened the childhood of the race, but it has been outgrown. The child is fearful of the dark. In the shadows lurk all imaginable shapes and horrible fancies. The unseen evil hides itself in the night. He buries his head in the covers, and trembling at the succession of faces and forms which arise and pass, dreams of still more dreadful forms, to awake at last to find the sunlight streaming into his room, to hear the birds of song, and not a ghost or goblin in all the bright world of day.

Exactly thus has it been with mankind in the night of ignorance. Creation had no laws, and God ruled by his arbitrary will. He was irresponsible, and the god of evil was yet more terrible. Superstition settled down like a black night in which mankind was tortured by the nightmare of dogmatism. It did not seem that the night would ever pass. Theology had civilization by the throat, strangled, crushed, and the people were her abject slaves, cowering before the least of the shaven priests, not only for life in this poor world, but for eternal life in a world seemingly existing only that an implacable god might seek his infinite vengeance. But the slow morning came. The crisis came and the forever mind awoke. The sun of knowledge poured the full splendor of its rays over all the world. Poor, frightened, self-doubting humanity looked out through the bars of its blinding creeds and dogmas which it had been taught expressed the will of the Almighty, and saw the bright world in grass and beauty; joy everywhere; the singing bird in the wind swept spray, the flocks sporting on the grassy hills, the hum of insect life, pleasure, happiness, delight in the very act of living, and not a goblin nor a shadow in all the lovely scene; and they who first suffered most from terror, because most sensitive, began to think; began to think, which was contrary to the will of God's chosen priesthood. Thinking was a capital crime, and the thinker was a martyr against whom the hatred of men and God was hurled.

Of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who silently perished in dungeon cells, walled into living tombs, whose limbs were torn asunder, or were burned with the flames which would continue to wrap their immortal spirits forever, perishing and giving no sign, leaving no name by which we may recall their blessed memory, of these we do not know. Not until thought began to seethe with a force which could throw as its waves men like Galileo or Bruno, have we characters sufficiently marked to concentrate our praise. They who led the way, they who saw only the dawn, must remain obscure as its twilight. Their suffering was none the less because unknown. It was none the less valuable in results because unrecorded in story. The agony of one soul bound to the torture cannot be appreciated by those who have never felt the piercing sting of breaking nerve fibres. How then, when multiplied by thousands and millions? And this was as nothing when compared to the pressure on the minds of whole races of the most civilized peoples, age after age; the pressure of fear, the cringing to asserting authority, the subjugation of purity, nobility and spirituality, to selfishness, lust

and brutality, the constant promotion of false moral ideas, false views of the world and the motives of life, false ideals and incentives of action.

Truth came, and its coming demanded the blood of martyrs. The blind are overcome by the sudden light, and the starving are often maddened with the food that gives them strength. Infallible theology, which was the guardian of mankind, resented the coming of the thinker. For a thousand years it had occupied the spiritual and temporal throne. Its garments were thickly encrusted with gore, its horrid hands grasped the back from which it claimed the right to govern from God, and a sword too well used to rust, its fangs gleamed through its black lips, drawn in the lines of hatred and vindictive malice, as it hurled anathemas against the body and spirit of those who dared doubt or oppose.

If the dungeon broke not the strength of the doubting spirit, the torture might, if long enough continued (Galileo, after years of suffering, was brought to deny the statement he had made in opposition to the Bible, that the world moved. That was the way theology established a truth. That is the way it saves souls! Torture the rebels into a lie! Into hypocritically denying what he knows to be true!

Bruno advanced many principles received by modern science. The world moved. It was only one of the countless globes which danced to the music of the revolving spheres. Horrible infidelity! If Christ came to save souls in this world, would he not have to do the same in others? If he did not, if God had created their inhabitants so perfect that such sacrifice was not required, why did he not in his omnipotence create the people of this in the same perfect manner? Such doctrines would destroy the church. They must be silenced. But Bruno would not be silent. It is difficult for one having the truth to be silent. The mighty voice rolled through his soul, and reverberated until relief is gained by its utterance. Years in a loathsome dungeon could not break his strength. The sharp tooth of the torturing pliers, heated to seething whiteness, could not compel his recantation. And then theology, to vindicate its right to infallibility, dragged the great thinker of his age before a tribunal of shaven priests, and after a mockery of justice, to the market square, where amidst the confounded howl of men and women it had dragged with the poisonous doctrines into frenzy, it sent the noble spirit out of the body on the wings of flame. Through its black mouth, distorted with rage, it anathematized his spirit to eternal hell, and all who favored him to the keeping of the devil. It thought it had truth chained on that fatal pile, it had only the helpless martyr Bruno. It did not have even him; it had only the poor shell of his body, for the spirit laughs at chains, mocks at the hissing flames, and with one swift sweep of the plumes of its thought bids defiance to the powers of darkness.

The flames expired, and the howling mad men, having vindicated the Religion of Pain, went their way, but the winds bore the ashes of Bruno over Europe, and each grain became a seed of thought. It has required three centuries for the slow growth of the harvest. The ground was rough, the weeds pre-occupied the hard soil, the poisonous nightshade, the nettle, the dogwood, the thorn and spiny burr. Three hundred years, and they who had been fed by the truths for which Bruno died, fed and stimulated to higher activity, brought back his ashes, each grain a beautiful flock of polished granite, and on the very spot where he met his terrible fate, erected a monument to his fair fame. Hear-eyed theology, grown toothless and impotent, groveled in rage at the shouts of victory from the representative thinkers of the world, but awakened no fear.

The time has passed, we pray forever, when religion can be forced on the unbeliever, when to doubt is sin, and it is God's grace to force him into acknowledgment. It was easy making a Christian in those old days. There were ingenious inventions for the purpose. The revivalists of those days had more potent arguments than the milk-sop stories of Moody, the "come to Jesus" lays of Sankey, or the confessions and sobs of a Talmage. They had a little instrument like the ends of the Rogers of a glove, into each glove finger penetrated a screw. The fingers of those days was not allowed a free press and free platform, but in silence was brought before the revivalists, not in the church, at the anxious seat, before all the people, but in the seclusion of a chamber surrounded by thick walls, which gave no sound to the outside world.

"Do you believe that the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are three, yet one?" asks the revivalist.

"No!" firmly replies Mr. Ingersoll.

"I cannot deny mathematics."

"Mathematics has no place here. Religious faith does not rest on mathematics. Are we not taught by the fathers that the more impossible a thing may be, the more implicitly should we receive it? Place your fingers in this glove, and we will see what God will do for you?"

The fingers being thus placed, the screws are gently tightened. Their sharp points press into the nails, and Mr. Ingersoll's face blanches with pain.

"Do you believe?" queries the revivalist.

"No!" he replies.

Then the screws are turned slowly but

surely down, down into the nails, leaving their remorseless way into the sensitive nerves, until at last endurance can bear no more, and the tortured cries out: "Yes, yes, I believe! Three times one may be one or twenty! I believe!"

"Good!" replies the revivalist ecstasy, as he loosens the screws. "There is a chance of saving your soul yet! There is always hope. But there are other acknowledgments to make. Do you believe you are a miserable worm, and can only escape death by the atoning blood of Jesus Christ?"

"No!" replies the Ingersoll decidedly.

"Well, well, we shall see. We will argue the case," and again the screws penetrate the flesh. It is only a question of time and pain, and again the tortured cries out:

"Enough! I am all wrong. Burn my books, or I'll burn them myself, and take Jesus to my soul!"

There is another fundamental belief, which you have ridiculed and mocked. The Bible is the holy and infallible word of God, the foundation of law, and source of governmental authority. Do you believe this cardinal point of faith?

"No! and I never will say I do!"

"Ah! we will see. I can convince you in five minutes." He turns the screws again. They go farther than before, there is a longer interval of waiting, but at last with a great groan, the confession is made:

"Yes, I believe the Bible. I denounce my mockery of Moses. There are no mistakes in the Bible. I take it all, believe it all, just as you interpret it, even to Jonah, and I'll not hesitate, whether you read the whole swallowed Jonah, or Jonah the whale, only let up on the screws!"

The revivalist laughs in delight, as he eases the torture, and says: "Now confession is good for the soul, and it is well we make a clean breast of it. You have spoken in an unbecoming manner of the fall of man, on which our religion rests. Do you believe in that doctrine now?"

"If I say I do not, are you to turn down those screws?"

"Certainly, for now you are so nearly saved, it would be neglecting the duty I owe to my Savior to let you be lost!"

"Then, I believe," replies the Ingersoll with a wince, knowing what will certainly follow if he denies. "I believe that man is fallen, and if you demand it, that he is falling now, and will be forever, and if you have me quite saved, please let my fingers free from the jaws of this persunder."

He is freed. He is converted to the true faith, and saved!

If the Ingersoll, he could not be saved by argument, for he would have the strongest, but even Ingersoll, as he himself confesses, might be reached by torture. The missionaries of earlier Christianity employed this potent means of converting the pagans, and the Spaniards in the New World found the Indians more susceptible to torture than the incomprehensible argument of dogmatism. It is passing strange that the present missionary force allows it to remain unused. If the missionaries were properly sustained, the heathen might be converted as rapidly as they could be caught, and a thousand converts enrolled where now there are none.

Aside from this, the argument of force is far more potent and convincing to the savage than the doctrine of love, which he cannot comprehend. Thus far, we have had the Religion of Pain; the torture of fear; the slavery of the creature man; the autocracy of the tyrant God. It has been the standard belief of all races, for its seeds were early sown in the mind of the savage, and as he advanced, although modified and ever changing, its form has remained substantially the same. All religions set out with a scheme of cosmology, a world building by God, which science has proven erroneous. All employ themselves with the relations between God and man, even to the last outgrowth, which resolves God into a spiritual essence vaguely called the universal father, the brotherhood of man, as his children. The dogmas which have gathered around these conceptions of God have been discussed from immemorial time, and it would be fruitless to pursue the same course.

But we may start in our investigation at a different point, and approach from another direction, and perhaps the face of nature will have a different aspect. Coming along the path the theologians have traveled, we shall be distracted by the grotesque views of creeds and beliefs, once taught as essential to salvation, which strew the way, and may, perhaps, fall into their methods of reviving old ideas into something that appears to be living thought, rather than the carding the rubbish which has gathered as heritage from ages of ignorance. If we join the crowd of theologians we at last will attempt a revision, with the certainty of revision after us until the truth is gained. We shall never see the clear sky which overcasts the landscape of nature, for the eclipse will always be on the sun, and its shadow on the world.

Now, then, let us view the world around us and the world within us; the world material and the world spiritual, as though no sacred book had ever been written, or attempt made to fathom the profundity of the ocean of spirit and define God.

There is an interminable chain of beings from the protoplasmic cell to man, swimming in the ocean, in the air, and swimming on the earth. They are all exquisitely fashioned after the requirements of their sur-

roundings, that they may win the largest measure of happiness from their lives, however narrow the limitation of their sphere. The motive of Nature, to which she conforms all her work, is the greatest good to the greatest number. There is no punishment inflicted for its own sake. There is no pain that may be avoided. (In the field or forest, and the songsters of the grove pour forth joy in full-throated measure. The morning sun is as bright with gladness as on creation's morn, waving trees and carpeting grass, patterned with flowers, delighting in filling the air with fragrance; soft skies, warm heat of the sun, life giving, joy-filling to all living beings! There is not a blot nor a mistake, a blunder or a sham anywhere.)

We survey all this exquisite loveliness, and turning to man, find that he is the fulfillment of the prophecy made in the early ages by the simple forms of organic life. He is not a wail created outside of nature, as an afterthought. He is directly allied with the realm of life, and the highest expression of organic energy on this planet. The great tree of life sends its roots down into the strata of the past, and man is the mature fruitage of its highest branches. He is the concentration and culmination of all the conditions and influences which have been experienced in all these infinite ages of progress. If he were created by God, such was the manner of his creation, not by falling from perfection, but progress from the lowest organic cell, or pre-auricular mass, God is removed by the full extent of the laws of nature from direct human contact. He is removed by the distance of infinite from finiteness. After we solve the problems of the material world, and of our own being, we may approach the vestibule of infinity; and it is well for us that this is true, that it is not obligatory on us to determine even by way of belief anything about God. Our thoughts and lives can in no way reach him, and conformity and obedience to the laws of our being, in other words the determination of right living and the happiness which flows there from is the only obedience and worship we can bestow. Anger, revenge, self assertion and hate then are more deplorable to a God than man. They can form no part of an infinitely good being.

Of the attitudes of God we may well cease to argue until we shall have come to an understanding of the world around us. The theologian who cannot tell how a blade of grass grows from the dark turf, will not hesitatingly explain the nature of God, who not only makes a blade of grass grow, but fashions sins and worlds, and breathes intelligence into man!

It was necessary when man lived in fear of God, that he should be taught the character of the tyrant he feared. The fear had past into the darkness, and the light shows it to have been a chimera. The tales which frightened our childhood have become fables. Are we not glad? Glad that our children do not cry in fright in their beds at the wall of the night winds, in fear of the devil, or tremble at the blighting thought of their own depravity, and desperate chances of damnation? All past as horrible dreams, and man sees that he is not made for pain, but happiness. Happiness is the birthright of every human being, as the song is of the bird. Happiness gained by conformity to the laws of our being, which is the Religion of Joy.

We turn over the leaves of the volume of the world and find that man has been a creature of progress and hence has never fallen. He is a continuity of the development of the life beneath him, an unfolding of its lower forms, and not a miraculous or special creation. Hence he cannot be lost from God, or stand in need of a special atonement. The future life which has been made the source of punishment or reward, follows this existence as its direct sequence. It is the fulfillment of the prophecy of progress; its last understandable term. Life is, then, a whole. The life here and the life hereafter are bound into unity. Death is only the gateway through which the spirit passes, and we cry: "Oh! death, where is thy sting, oh! grave, where is thy victory?" The joyful view of life has been destroyed the fear of death. Its portals wide swung, reveal the prolongation of our lives unchanged, except as to environment. The bottomless pit resolves into a figure of speech, and its Lord into the impersonation of a mistaken idea of evil. Press on, daring soul; the skies are clearing, and the terrors in your path are only shadows.

Whatever is natural is right, and what ever is unnatural or against nature, is wrong. It is not whether God will be pleased, but whether the laws of our being are complied with. It is not that we love God, but do we love our fellow men? For the loftiest love is that which makes us love others as ourselves. There never was a more sacred love offered to God than that of husband and wife for each other, a purer than that for children; a nobler than that for mankind, and yet all of these have been scorned by the devotees in their intense desire to please their deity. In the beautiful legend of the shepherds watching their flocks on the Syrian plain, in the still night, with the stars looking down on them, the angel voices proclaimed, "Peace on earth and good will to men," the gospel of joy. It has taken two thousand years of progress for men to acquire the knowledge which enables him to understand the glad message.

As we survey the history of his advancement, the slowly changing forms of his be-

(Continued on third page.)

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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

A Contrast.

According to the N. Y. Sun there are 40,000 working women in that city, who receive wages so low that they must embrace vice, apply for charity or starve. On the other hand are the luxuries and costly churches, millions and millions of dollars invested in them. For what? To save souls in the next world, but putting forth not the least effort to save them in this. The Rev. Dr. Nix, pastor of Trinity Church, receives \$20,000 per year for preaching the gospel. His church society owns several millions of dollars worth of brick blocks and other business property. A few years ago, when Dio Lewis organized his Female Temperance Crusade, it was found that forty saloons and gambling dens were renting Trinity Church property, and this property was all exempt from taxation. 40,000 women, at the point of starvation, must embrace vice, apply for charity, or starve! What are such "Christians" as Rev. Nix doing to help those girls? Not much, we fear. He publicly sneered at Mrs. Cady Stanton and other female philanthropists, and preached one of the most vindictive and unchristian discourses reflecting on women.

The Rev. Dr. Dix, and the Rev. Brooks, and scores like them, with salaries greater than fifty working men can earn by hardened toil, whose white hands never earned an honest dollar, reading their sermons of carefully prepared slush, that will harm no one, and help no one, except to sleep! Fed and clothed with the price of human souls! In the heavenly kingdom the woman who has been forced to a life of shame by the gnawing pangs of hunger, shall stand like an accusing angel by the side of such teachers, and in contrast their garments will be as shining light. No beggar, no tramp, no woman without escort can enter the holy aisles of Trinity Church. They would find it difficult to appreciate the self-sanctified preacher, as he repeats from the bible with trembling voice and well feigned tears, of the Magdalen who washed the feet of a Jesus who was a companion of tramps and beggars and complained in weariness that while the foxes and the birds had homes, he had not even a place to rest his head!

Notable Lectures.

That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has stepped to the front with its Rostrom must be conceded by every reflective mind. Letters come from all parts of the United States for copies containing this or that address. Before us lies a postal from Mr. Burns, of England; asking for several copies of a certain lecture. This week Hudson Tuttle gives us a masterly production on The Religion of Pain and The Religion of Joy. That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has some of the brightest minds of the country among its contributors, can be seen at any time by glancing over its columns.

Mrs. Shepard Lillie.

Dr. A. B. Spinney, prominent as a Spiritualist, lecturer and physician, was at Lake Cora, and listened to addresses by Mrs. Shepard Lillie. He speaks in high terms of her lucid presentation of her subjects. Mrs. Lillie stands high as a lady and lecturer, and we are glad that she receives the approval of such a prominent thinker and critic as Dr. Spinney.

Mrs. O. A. Bishop, 79 South Peoria, is kept constantly busy by seekers after the truth. She inherits her mediumistic gifts from her mother, Mrs. Howard, of St. Charles, Ill., who has been instrumental in doing great work for Spiritualism.

Leo's Power Departing.

It is in Italy that the Pope's influence is waning. In the United States it has more potency than ever, perhaps, but will eventually have to succumb here, as in that country. "The time is near at hand when the Pope will be forced to cease hostilities upon Rome and will be exceedingly glad to make peace with the Romans. His cause has been greatly weakened of late, and the severe blows in the form of new laws adverse to his power have effected good results."

Such are the words of Count Sergardi, of Rome, Italy, as published in *The Tribune*, and who is now making the tour of the United States. "The Pope's great ambition," he continued, "has been to capture Rome. He has been defeated in every measure, and he will be obliged to abandon his campaign. While the Romans are all good Catholics, they do not agree with the Pope. Not long ago it was announced with a great trumpeting that Catholic banks were to be established over all the world. This was a scheme of the Pope's. It was unsuccessful. Our Government would not countenance such an enterprise. The Government learned that it was but a political move, and at once manifested its disapproval. Other plans for effecting the ultimate capture of Rome were equally as unsuccessful. 'So long as one Italian is alive, the Pope will not take Rome,' was the general sentiment, and the people were ready and willing to live up to it. Two new laws recently framed have injured the Pope's plans more than anything for years. One provides for the punishment of priests who abuse their powers while preaching, and, for instance, incite other nations against Italy. The second law changes the entire system of handling the big charity fund, and is causing the keenest excitement in Rome. The charity fund is enormously large, but of all this money only ten per cent is distributed among the poor. The remainder is gobbled up by the priests for purposes entirely unknown to the public. By the new law this money is to be disposed of by commissioners elected by the people. Then, if it is not used for good purposes, the people can choose new commissioners."

"The effect of this blow to the Pope can easily be seen. The populace was wild with joy when the Senate passed these laws. Owing to slight inaccuracies, the bills will be returned to the Chamber of Deputies, then their favorable vote will be final and the laws will stand. Since these laws were framed it has transpired that the Pope was not directly responsible for some of the designs upon Rome. We hardly think he is quite himself—that is, he has been forced to disown certain acts which he himself does not fancy. The black Pope and Cardinals are supposed to be behind these moves, and to a certain extent, the Pope is but a cat's paw. When these bills shall have been passed there will be great rejoicing among our people, for it scores a big point against our enemy."

Something Important.

Olney A. Richmond of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a card in another column of this issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which explains itself. We take pleasure in announcing that our paper will be the organ through which his utterances will first reach the people. That Mr. Richmond is a remarkable man, with gifts that will make him the central figure in a great movement for the uplifting of mankind, we verily believe. A new day is dawning, and a goodly portion of the light which will be diffused throughout the world then, will be furnished by this gentleman.

That Challenge.

In No. 30 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we published a challenge by Miss Lizzie Bangs, the theatre of action being Cleveland, Ohio. We published it as a matter of news, in reference to what was going on in that city. The parties are, however, now in this city, and their mutual friends can arrange the terms, if possible for them to agree. We cannot give our space to letters from each one in settling points in controversy. That must be done outside of our columns.

Seven Thousand Weekly.

We are doing a missionary work with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and that, too, without calling on any one for special pecuniary contributions. During the last ten weeks we have sent over the world on an average of at least 7,000 copies weekly. What other paper has done as well? and yet THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only 32 weeks old.

Great interest has been manifested in Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's Rostrom article on Mediumship, which we published a few weeks ago. Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, who will be remembered by her many friends in this city as an excellent medium, suggests that it should be published in tract form, and circulated at every camp-meeting. To do that would be quite expensive, yet we would take pleasure in putting it in the form desired by Mrs. Chamberlain, if contributions enough were offered to aid in doing so.

Rev. Carlos Martyn, D. D., contributes a brilliant and suggestive paper to *The Arena* for July on "Churchianity versus Christianity," which will doubtless occasion much comment and criticism. The paper is rendered all the more interesting when it is remembered that Dr. Martyn is an orthodox clergyman as well as a popular author.

ANNUAL PICNIC.

The Spiritualists of Texas, Kalamazoo County, Mich., held their annual picnic at Parson's Grove, Crooked Lake, June 15. The weather being fine, a large number came out to enjoy a day of rest and mental improvement. Speaking by Dr. C. A. Andrus, of Grand Rapids, and Mr. C. T. S. Cook, of Saco, was well received by the people. Music as rendered by Mrs. Harry Worthington and the Oshemo Cornet Band, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. L. S. B.

A CONSENSUS OF OPINION.

In Reference to a Recent Notable Case.

THE EDITOR OF THE ARENA—L. V. MOUTON—A. B. RICHMOND, J. R. BUCHANAN, M. J. SAVAGE, HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Arena, ever on the alert for something fresh and startling, has obtained the opinions of some notable men with reference to the Reid case, and from which we make extracts, as a matter of interest to our numerous readers. *The Arena* is entitled to the thanks of every Spiritualist for this comprehensive presentation, and it would be well for those who desire to preserve a record of the whole case, to secure the July number of this able magazine.

In November, 1889, Dr. Walter E. Reid was tried before the United States Court at Grand Rapids, Mich., for violating Section 5480 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

"If any person having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice to defraud, or be effected by either opening or intending to open correspondence or communication with any other person, whether resident within or outside of the United States, by means of the Post Office Establishment of the United States, or by inciting such other person to open communication with the person so devising or intending, shall, in and for executing such scheme or artifice, or attempting so to do, place any letter or packet in any Post Office of the United States, or take or receive any therefrom, such person, so misusing the Post Office Establishment, shall be punishable by a fine of not more than Five Hundred Dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than eighteen months, or by both such punishments. The indictments, information, or complaint may severally charge offences to the number of three, when committed within the same six calendar months, but the Court thereupon shall give a single sentence, and shall proportion the punishment especially to the degree in which the abuse of the Post Office Establishment enters as an instrument into such fraudulent scheme and device."

The Editor of the *Arena* makes the following introductory statement:

"Waiving all points as to the special merits or demerits of this particular case we are confronted by the vital principle involved. The defendant has refused the opportunity to prove his power and his innocence, though the State penitentiary opened before him, simply because the judge in a western town did not believe that such power existed or that the spirits of the departed could and did not return to communicate with mortals, although hundreds of the ablest, brainiest, and noblest scientists, philosophers, essayists, and reformers who have carefully and scientifically investigated this problem have demonstrated to their satisfaction beyond the peradventure of a doubt that such power does exist, and that the dead do return and communicate with the living. It is not reasonable to suppose that Judge Jackson of the Federal Court in Michigan is more competent to justly judge of the probability or possibility of the power possessed by sensitives than such men as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the greatest living working naturalist, and since Darwin's death the most illustrious representative of Darwinism, or Gerald Massey, the people's poet of England; Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer; Prof. Henry Kiddle, at one time superintendent of public instruction for New York, and hundreds of other careful, conscientious, and scientific thinkers and investigators in every field of scientific and intellectual research. It is a grave thing to sentence a man to the penitentiary. It means far more than the depriving of his freedom for the time of the sentence."

The following extracts from a letter written by L. V. Moulton, Esq., of Grand Rapids, Mich., who ably defended Mr. Reid, will be instructive to all liberty-loving citizens. Mr. Moulton says:

"The trial of Dr. Reid was a remarkable proceeding. In my opinion nothing like it has been since the days of Cotton Mather. The testimony of Reid's witnesses was adapted to rebut and qualify the evidence put in against him, which consisted solely of alleged admissions. It was legal and proper evidence for that purpose. It was also adapted to prove that he did deliver answers which came from the spirits addressed, which if proven would be a complete defense. If he delivered what he promised there was no fraud. All evidence to show this was ruled out on the assumption of Judge Stevens that 'There is no evidence whatever to determine such a matter.' Then he assumed the thing impossible in violation of the old and well-established law of presumption of innocence."

"Judge Jackson said, 'There are some things so absurd that this court will not testify its intelligence by taking testimony thereon,' meaning whether anyone can communicate with the dead. Reid's offer of demonstration was proper and legal evidence. A witness against him swore that Reid informed him that at all times he must open the letters or otherwise know their contents. Now to answer letters in court without so opening them or knowing their contents would be legal and proper evidence that such was not the truth; its exclusion against law and justice, an arbitrary suppression of evidence material to the issue. No proof was ever offered to show that Reid ever failed to properly answer every letter, or refused the money. He had answered hundreds. We have over forty of his clients to testify as to facts, circumstances, questions, and answers, whose testimony was ruled out on the ground that 'the most we could get would be their opinion that spirits made answer.' Even expert opinions are admissible in law, and they offered facts not opinions. No one complained of loss. No one to find fault. It was assumed without proof that he could not do it. Judge Jackson said: 'It is prima facie fraud and requires no proof.'"

A. B. Richmond, eminent as a jurist, says:

"If then Dr. W. E. Reid could, either by the phenomena of clairvoyance or otherwise, read the contents of sealed envelopes,

his conviction was an outrage on law and justice; and should the rulings of the court in his case prevail and become a legal precedent in the land, the citizens of this republic would hold their liberties by a frail and feeble tenure indeed."

"In passing the sentence of the law upon Dr. Reid, the court is reported to have said: 'The jury had all the facts and circumstances before them, and also upon your intention. You claimed then, as now, that you could do these things; but the jury found you could not, that you did not so believe, that you knew you could not.' This is a most remarkable statement if the court made it as reported, and must mean that 'the jury had all the facts and circumstances' as given them by the United States only, for they certainly did not have the facts of the defense before them. Both my colleague and myself earnestly argued and insisted upon the right of the defendant to prove that he could read the contents of sealed letters, but the offer was most peremptorily rejected, the testimony ruled out, and defendant left defenceless. The court, in the next sentence says: 'It was impossible for the court to depart from the precedents and law and permit to be made in court the strange, unwarranted tests asked by your counsel.' This shows that it was offered to prove in court the truth of the defendant's claim, 'but the court could not depart from precedents.' Therefore the logic of this ruling is that a citizen may die or his liberty be destroyed, that a legal precedent may live and not perish, or more tersely stated, a precedent is of more value than liberty. An old maxim says: 'Bonis judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem.'—'A good judge will, when necessary, extend the limits of his jurisdiction.' This legal maxim is as venerable as the revered precedent, and if the court had acted upon it, and extended its jurisdiction enough to have permitted the defendant to prove that he could do and had done what he advertised, and that he so believed at the time; if the court had but enlarged the limits of its jurisdiction until it had embraced truth and justice within its boundaries, Dr. Walter E. Reid would not have been convicted of a crime he never committed. Of little weight indeed is human liberty when thrown into the legal scales against a precedent older than the time when by precedent war of battle was allowed and old women condemned to death for the crime of witchcraft. 'Fiat justitia ruat cælum,'—and kills a precedent."

Joseph Rhodes Buchanan is prominent as an author and scientist, and his opinions are given below:
"W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was on trial, under a charge of fraudulently using the United States mails in giving responses which purported to come by mediumship from the departed. Whatever opinions the court or jury might have of the possibility of the defendant's ability to secure such responses, such opinions were entirely irrelevant, when the possibility of doing this in good faith was the very question to be decided. The accused was entitled to prove his good faith and success by the testimony of witnesses, while the prosecution had the right to prove his failure. But this honest trial was denied. Forty witnesses, brought by the accused at great expense, were refused admission, that the case might be decided according to the prejudices, or pre-existing opinions of the court, and the denunciations of the prosecution. To deprive a prisoner thus of the testimony which might acquit him was a shameful violation of justice which certainly entitled him to a new trial."

"He had an unlimited amount of testimony at his service, that he had never failed to satisfy enquirers, however skeptical, that answers to their questions had been written by an invisible agency on the inside of slates which had been fastened to the slates in many cases when the slates had never been for a moment out of their own possession—that he had thus answered questions, not only in private, but in public, when the letters containing the questions had not even been given to him, but had been retained by the writers in their own pockets, and he had no knowledge, even of the existence of such letters and questions. All this his counsel was prepared to show by a superabundance of testimony, while the government did not produce a single instance of failure, or a single direct evidence of fraud. But he was not allowed to refute the libelous indictment in the only way in which it could be refuted."

"It is not strange that many are unwilling to believe that such an outrage as this has been perpetrated in the forms of law, that the processes in progress among the enlightened all over the world have been assailed as crimes, and admission refused to the only testimony of which the case admitted in defense. It is generally supposed that nothing like this has occurred or could have occurred in American court. Hence the necessity of describing this outrage to the enlightened readers of *The Arena*.

"Seeing that the court was determined to force a conviction by keeping the jury in ignorance of the facts, Dr. Reid and his counsel displayed their moral courage and sense of integrity by offering to show in court under the most hostile and jealous scrutiny the very process which the indictment charged as a fraud. The offer was courageous, and some might think foolishly, from the well-known difficulty of procuring psychic phenomena which depend on mental conditions, amid the confusion and outspoken malignity of such a scene in court; but it was conclusive as to the integrity of the accused, and its refusal by the prosecution was an equally clear evidence of its dishonesty and its belief that the prosecution would have been annihilated by a public test. The whole trial was a dishonest conspiracy against justice, and when the whole truth is told, circumstances included which would enlarge this article beyond its limits, the prosecuting attorney will stand more conspicuous even than the judge in the pillory as an object of scorn."

M. J. Savage, of Boston, is eminent as a divine, and is widely known as an author and fearless investigator and advocate of what he considers to be true. He says: "The existence of such a faculty—the ability to read sealed letters, to read with the eyes closed, to read writing placed against the back of the head or on top of

the head—is now no more doubtful than the existence of normal vision. A judge who does not know this is no more fit to sit on a case involving it than is a color blind engineer fit to be trusted with a train of cars. Only a little while ago all the wise (?) people were scouting hypnotism. Now it is being used in the regular treatment of disease. How, then, is the farcical tragedy to be played? When will men learn that their particular and pet ignorance is no adequate measure of the universe?"

"So far as I know, Dr. Reid may be an arrant impostor, but that is not the point. The point is that such powers as he claimed to possess do actually exist. If he really possesses these powers, then he is not guilty. Any decent pretense of justice, then, should give him a chance to prove as to whether or not he does possess them. The outrageous injustice of the judge lies in the fact that he refused him all opportunity to prove his innocence."

"Let every fair-minded citizen of America, then, protest against this insult to justice until the protest is heard. The principle is the important matter. It is an arbitrary, bigoted, ignorant denial of justice that threatens not only Dr. Reid, but any man who happens to have learned something that the judge as yet has not found out."

Hudson Tuttle, whose writings are familiar to the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and who has a world-wide reputation, says:

"Walter E. Reid has been made a martyr in the estimation of a large class of people, whose opinion has more than ordinary value, for they are thoughtful, given to independent action, and ignore party lines, when the principles they hold dear are assailed. The rulings of the judges in the case of Mr. Reid, perhaps, have no parallel outside of the courts of the South during the period of reconstruction, when ignorant, inflated negroes were exponents of law and justice. Observe the judge did not refuse this (the proposal to demonstrate his psychic power) on the ground of its being irrelevant, but because any one who claimed the ability to answer sealed letters, in his opinion, was a mountebank. He thus pre-judges the case, and declares that no amount of evidence can establish the fact. Such a ruling is not only a great injustice and injury to Spiritualism, but a menace to the liberty of each and every individual. Here is a man brought in great jeopardy to be branded with the infamy of felony, pleading with the judge to be allowed the opportunity to demonstrate the power the judge asserts he does not possess; he offers to make a crucial test before the judge, from which only an honest man could come with honor and acquittal. The ruling of the judge is certainly one of the most remarkable instances of judicial prejudice on record."

The Graham, Whiskey, and Bundy Conspiracy.

"Slander and Malice, the foulest whelps of sin, inked his pen."—Old play.

EDITOR OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:

Will you kindly permit me through your paper to inform your readers that I am preparing a defense against the unprovoked, unwarranted and abusive attack on myself, lately published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and which I desire to submit to the jury of fair-minded Spiritualists of the country, who may not understand the motives and malice of the puissant—col. Bundy. At the last session at Lily Dale I witnessed a so-called spirit phenomenon which to me was remarkable, although life-long Spiritualists inform me was nothing unusual, but is of quite frequent occurrence. In the March number of *The Arena* I published a truthful account of the phenomenon, and for this, without a word of warning, or any communication with me, or any inquiry by the editor of the *Journal* as to the particular circumstances of my experiment, he pours out whole columns of billingsgate on my defenseless head."

It must be evident to all reflecting honest believers in our beautiful philosophy, that for some time past there has been a growing conflict between "Spiritualism and Bundyism," and it has become a serious question with many which should and would eventually prevail. In speaking of this issue between the spirit of light and spectre of darkness, an old Spiritualist of the Pacific coast writes me: "I don't know what to do with Bundy's paper; it is almost too good to throw away, and a great deal too nasty to keep," and I believe this is the honest opinion of a great majority of its readers. Does it tend to promote the cause of Spiritualism, or has it a tendency to throw doubt on its phenomena and discredit on its mediums and advocates. For my own part I have no fears as to the result of the conflict. The mental and moral world are as certainly governed by the law of evolution as the physical, and as long as there is no danger of the race of mankind retrograding to the primordial ape, Spiritualism is in no danger from Bundyism."

But I do claim a fair hearing and an impartial verdict from Spiritualists. I espoused our beautiful creed from a firm conviction of the truth it taught. It lifted the dark cloud of infidelity from my mental horizon, and overcame my dread of death and eternal oblivion, with its assurances of a life hereafter. I openly espoused its cause and testified in its behalf. I knew that this course would subject me to unkind criticism from prejudice and bigotry, and would be attended with a certain amount of social ostracism and financial loss, but I did not expect to be stabbed by a cowardly assassin in the house of my friends. Bundy's vile and gross libel and falsehood was to me unexpected. I had only related a phenomenon as I saw it and as I knew it occurred. I had heard many bad things related of Bundy, yet I could not contemplate this foul conspiracy and malicious libel even from his past record; and now all I ask of the Spiritualists is that they obey a rule of law always given to a jury in a trial: "Suspend your opinion, gentlemen, and come to no conclusions until you hear all the evidence." Then let your verdict be what truth and justice demands. Meadville, Pa. A. B. RICHMOND.

John Smith, of Ringwood, Ill., when in the city, is loud in his praise of the tests he gets through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Blade, slate-writing medium, who is located at 58 Thirty-third street.

EXPLAINS ITSELF.

A Letter from Olney H. Richmond.

To the readers of *The Progressive Thinker*:

I take this method to thank hundreds of you who have favored me with letters. Many have asked questions, and many have written most excellent ideas on the subjects known as occult. I thank you, one and all, and at the same time publicly answer some of you as follows:

1. I can not carry on personal correspondence with any one.
2. I am an active druggist and chemist, not a retired and wealthy one.
3. I only remain on duty seven days in each week, 15 hours each day.
4. I am not a professional Astrologer or delineator of horoscopes.
5. I can not spare the time to delineate, even to accommodate friends.
6. I do not hold myself out as a "fortune teller," to any one.
7. All money sent to me will be returned, less cost of returning.
8. I have no books for sale of any kind, or anything else.
9. No person, however eligible, can at present become a member of the O. O. M., except by personal initiation in a regular Temple.
10. It is hoped and expected that within a year or so matters can be so arranged as to permit of distant obligation and membership, under certain restrictions.
11. The Grand Temple at Grand Rapids, Mich., is closed for the summer, and will not be opened before Nov. 10.
12. All the information I can legally give from time to time, regarding the order of the Magi, I will give through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Some of my lectures may be published therein. I advise all who are interested, to subscribe for this paper, if already subscribers.

Yours in Harmony and Charity,
OLNEY H. RICHMOND.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE LAKE CORA MEETING.

As all Spiritualists are more or less interested in the progress of our cause, I will send you a short report of our meeting at Lake Cora, Mich. The day was very fine, and at the usual hour a large congregation had gathered. The meeting was called to order by the President, L. S. Burdick; then a song by the Twin Sisters, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, one of Michigan's favorite speakers, occupied the rostrum. Every face in that large audience was bright with anticipation, and not disappointed. For fully an hour and a half she spoke to us on "The Needs of Spiritualism and its Unfoldments." Many who are not of our faith said it was the grandest lecture they had ever heard; that large audience listened with perfect attention to her words of wisdom.

In the absence of Mrs. Woodruff Dr. C. A. Andrus, of Grand Rapids, was called upon and gave us an improvised poem, which was well received. Dr. Andrus gave a short discourse in the afternoon, followed by Mrs. Lillie, subjects taken from the audience and handled in a masterly manner. Music by the Harris Twin Sisters, that was very appropriate. The meeting was a success. Our cause is growing more popular here every year. All we need is to keep constantly struggling for the truth.

Our next is to be a camp-meeting, held at South Haven, commencing Aug. 8, and continue to Aug. 18, 1890. We will use our best efforts to make a profitable and pleasant meeting. Mrs. R. A. SHEFFER.
South Haven, Mich.

The Arena for July.

The Arena for July again comes forth with a fine array of talent. The "No-Name Series" continues very interesting. Senator Wade Hampton reviews "The Race Problem"; Rabbi Solomon Schindler "Bismarck and his Time"; Rev. Charles Martyn, D.D., "Churchianity vs. Christianity"; Junius Henri Browne, "Physical and Moral Disease"; E. S. Huntington, "Thought as Force"; O. B. Frothingham, "Why I Approve Woman Suffrage." Then follows the "Notes on Living Problems," participated in by Prof. J. Rode Buchanan, Rev. M. J. Savage, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Hugh O. Pentecost, Hudson Tuttle, L. V. Moulton, and others. Single number, 50 cents, per annum, \$5. Address *The Arena Publishing Co.*, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Geo. Ramsey, secretary, writes: "The Spiritualists of North McGregor, Iowa, will hold a grove meeting July 18, 19, and 20. Moses and Mattie Hull are to be the speakers, and it is expected that the celebrated test medium, Dr. Schlesinger, of San Francisco, Cal., will be in attendance. All are invited. Good hotel accommodations can be had, or persons wishing tents can get them by writing to me at North McGregor, Ia., in advance. We would like to have the Spiritualists in the surrounding towns come and help us make this meeting a grand success."

The Peoples' Spiritual Society met at its hall, 93 South Peoria St., June 22, at the usual hour. There was a large audience, and it enjoyed the lecture. The subject was chosen by the audience. Miss Cora Myrtle Carpenter, the child medium, conducted the services. She opened with a beautiful invocation to the spirit power. A hymn by the audience was sung, with feeling and power. Miss Carpenter then addressed the audience for fifty minutes, but the time did not seem over twenty minutes, so entranced was each one with the power of the spirit as manifested through this frail little child. Rapturous applause greeted her at the close of her remarks. Dr. Phillips sang two beautiful songs, which were greeted by applause. He was followed by W. L. Hodge, of Wis., in a few remarks. Mrs. Taylor gave some very fine tests, and so did Miss Carpenter. The meeting then closed.

Dr. J. M. Peebles will issue the coming autumn, a new edition of his interesting book, "Immortality, or our Houses and our Employment Hereafter." It will be enlarged, and contain two new chapters.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will attend the Lookout Mountain Camp-meeting. She has an engagement to lecture there.

G. W. Kates is lecturing in Topeka, Kas.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

[NOTE.—This most wonderful narrative is taken from the two worlds, Manchester, England, an excellent paper devoted to the dissemination of Spiritualism, occult science, ethics, religion, and reform. Its editor, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, stands pre-eminent as an orator, author, medium and seer, and the weird narrative which she publishes under the head of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," would never have been given to the world had she not felt deeply impressed that every word of it is true. The circumstances of the narrative were communicated to Mrs. Britten by a descendant of the family whose fortunes they detail, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles. Emulating from so high a source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.]

CHAPTER X.

It was the morning of the same day as that on which Constance descended into her underground prison, as described in our last chapter, that the Widow Kalozy, now generally called in memory of her late husband, the Baroness Kalozy, on awakening, waited as usual in the expectation that her ever dutiful and loving daughter Constance would come to her bedside to call her and assist her to dress. When at length the door opened, it was not to admit the faithful elder daughter, but the youngest, Ella, who, with pale face and frightened expression, burst into the room, exclaiming, "Mother! we can't find Constance anywhere! Franz and I have been searching in every direction, but she is nowhere to be seen; and, oh, mother, we found the old postern gate wide open, and when Franz slammed it to, because the cold wind shouldn't come in and chill you, there was that strange chiming of a bell that we always hear when that gate is opened and shut."

"Did you look outside, child?" demanded the Baroness, rising and dressing herself with trembling fingers as quickly as she could. "Perhaps Constance has gone out for a walk, and you may have shut her out."

"Not so, mother," returned the child. "Franz went out and looked all around the gardens and fields and called 'Constance!' ever so long; and still we could not find her. That was at eight o'clock, mother, and now it's just ten."

Descending as soon as possible to the common sitting-room of the family, and leaving untouched the breakfast which little Ella—not the loving Constance—had prepared, the anxious mother herself went forth to search the premises, and call upon the name of her who had never before failed to provide, to care for, or respond to her voice. It was with a sense of deep agony that the unhappy mother returned alone to the castle. Just as she reached the postern gate she was accosted by the joyful greeting of little "Nix," the blind violinist's dog, whilst his master, whom he was leading, exclaimed, "Who goes there that Nixie is so glad to see?"

"It is I," Father Hermann, replied the Baroness; "but come in at once, I have something special to say to you."

"And I have something special to say to you, madam," replied the blind man, doffing his cap. "Something that I would rather say to the dear young lady's mother than to herself." Then carefully taking a letter from the lining of his cap, he explained to the Baroness that his son, who had been a sort of letters in the post office, had been suddenly dismissed by the postmaster, for insisting upon detaining a foreign letter directed to Fraulein Constance Kalozy, one out of many other letters similarly directed, which had been sent from abroad during the past two years, and which the treacherous postmaster, for unknown causes, had ordered his subordinate to give into his (the postmaster's) hands, and not allow them to be delivered as directed in the regular course of mail.

"It was only last week," continued the old musician, "that I was lamenting to my son that Fraulein Constance, the sweet lady who had been so kind to me and little Nix, had never heard one word from her betrothed, Rudolph Muller, since he had gone abroad, and that we all feared he was dead. Then it was that my son told me about the postmaster's keeping back foreign letters directed to the dear young lady, and promised me, in return for her kindness, to give me any fresh letters that might come to her, and here, dear madam, is one that only came last night. My son told the postmaster about it, and said he was determined the poor young lady should have her letter. The postmaster was in a fearful rage, and threatened to dismiss him unless he gave up that letter, but as he could not and would not do that, having given it to me, my son has lost his place; but even that we don't care for, so that the dear lady should get her letter."

"I understand it all," said the Baroness sadly. "Postmaster Marx is the brother, and doubtless the tool also, of the haughty burgomaster Marx, and he hates my poor Constance for having refused his addresses—but alas! alas! my friends, I little know," she added (taking the letter), "whether my beloved girl's eyes will ever be gladdened by this welcome sight." She then related to the old musician, glad to unburden her sorrowful heart to any sympathetic listener in her present distress, an account of the mysterious absence of her good child, concluding with a burst of uncontrollable tears, "that it was the first time in her life that Constance had ever forsaken her unhappy mother."

"She has not forsaken thee, lady," replied the old man; "she is as incapable of a wrong act, thought or word as the angels of Heaven. Something has happened to her. She has lost her way, mayhap, in these mountain passes; and Nix and I will go forth, and never rest nor cease our search until we find her. I will play and Nix will call, and if she be yet upon the face of the earth, she will answer those that love her so well and owe her so much."

And yet, despite the poor old musician's violin tones, waking up the echoes of many a mountain cave and valley gorge, and the low whines of little Nix, who seemed at once to comprehend and take part in the tragic situation—despite the eager search of poor little Franz, the weeping Ella, Father Hermann, and many a peasant friend and neighbor of the afflicted mother, the hours wore on, and the slanting rays of the evening sun were already gilding the horizon, and still no tidings came of the loved one. It was in the midst of a flood of glorious sunset that a strange party presented themselves at the postern gate, and knocked loudly for admittance. Madame Kalozy and the twins were then the only tenants of the castle; and as it had been decided that the old musician on his return should come to the postern gate, the two children, followed by their mother, rushed to open it, expecting nothing less than to see old Hermann and Nix. In this they were not disappointed. Struck by the sound of a violin in the midst of the wild scenes that surrounded the castle, a party of travelers who were making their way up the road that led to the front gate, hailed the wanderer with the curious inquiry of why he was playing to the crags and pine trees? Before he could answer, the old man's hand was grasped, and the voice of his friend and patron, Baron Frederick Kalozy, cried in his well-known accents of good cheer, "Father Hermann! It is I—Fritz. Do you know anything of my sister?" The tale the musician had to tell did not seem so strange as he expected it would be, for Fritz had been absent for several days at Prague visiting Herr Muller, and, as he thought, could not have heard of his sister's strange absence. Great then was the amazement of old Hermann when Fritz asked as the next question, "Do you know whether any one at the castle has seen or heard anything of my Uncle Paul?"

"Your uncle, Baron! you must be dreaming. Your uncle has long since been pronounced dead," replied the old man. "Then the verdict has been a false one," rejoined Fritz, "for my Uncle Paul it was who himself came into my chamber this morning at dawn, and woke me with the terrible words, 'Arise instantly! go home and rescue your sister Constance!'"

"Baron Paul!" ejaculated the violinist, and, "Baron Paul!" repeated Father Mannheim, and the Notary Wagner, who had been hastily summoned by Fritz to join their party.

"Even so," said Herr Muller, who had accompanied Fritz from Prague. "My friend here, Fritz Kalozy, saw as well as heard Baron Paul. I, alas, could not see him, for I am blind, but I heard him; aye, heard his voice as he entered my chamber too, just after leaving that of the Baron's, I suppose. He spoke to me in his customary loud and well-known voice, saying, 'Arise, Muller, go to Kalozy Castle and totally destroy the machinery of the Postern Gate, and the cellar clockwork you put up for me!'"

"Do you think, gentlemen, I could mistake such a command as that?" It was I that invented that machinery, and it was Johan Kalozy, under my direction, that put it up and arranged it, fifteen years ago, for his brother Paul. Heaven alone knows why Baron Paul now calls upon me to destroy it, but it is for that purpose I am here, and for that I have summoned you, Herr Wagner, and you, Father Mannheim, as witnesses of my act."

"And all this time you are forgetting my errand," cried Fritz in a burst of passionate distress. "I am here to rescue my angel sister Constance, as Baron Paul commanded. Hermann's sad story of her mysterious absence, she who never neglected a duty in her life before, that she thought she owed to others, only confirms the necessity of haste—haste in fulfilling my Uncle Paul's command. It is for this we have come, at the soonest moment we could procure conveyance from Prague. It is to this object we must direct all our energies. We have lingered too long, let us move on at once to this Postern Gate—who will follow me?"

"That will I," cried the cheery voice of a stranger, who, unobserved by the rest of the party, had lingered on its skirts, and heard the whole conversation. He, like Fritz and Muller, had been attracted curiously to the music of blind Hermann, and had stood shaded by a clump of trees, up to this point of the dialogue; now springing forward, dashing his straw hat on the ground, and casting his arms around the neck of Herr Muller, he cried:

"Father! Father! it is I, your son Rudolph, returned once more to father, home and love, and now, dear old friend and comrade Fritz, let us go on, in search of my betrothed—my ever loved Constance. In spite of her long, strange silence, she is still my own, and if she is yet on the face of the earth, I will find her."

DEATH FORETOLD BY A CLOCK.

It Strikes Twelve When a Member of the Family Is About to Die.

"We have not exactly a banisher in our family, who foretells by her wailing an approaching death," said a lady to a Boston correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "but we have had mysterious warnings of such given us time and again by an old clock which has been in our family for the last 120 years. The works were ruined by a shot fired by a British soldier during the Revolutionary war, at my great-grandfather, which shot, passing entirely through his body, killed him instantly, and then broke the glass door, penetrating the works and stopping them forever, for, though innumerable attempts have been made to repair them, it seemed that some unknown power kept the clock silent except when death snatched his black wings over the household, so it was banished to the garret."

"The first instance of its warning was when my grandfather died. He had been very ill, but the physicians had at last pronounced him out of danger, and his family were just congratulating themselves on this news, when the loud tones of a clock striking twelve, slowly and suddenly, like the tolling of a bell, was heard. 'Why, what is that?' said my grandmother. There was but one other clock in the house, which was

in full view, so it was evident it was not that one. 'It is my father's clock,' said her husband. 'It has struck the close of my day,' and before they could reach him he was dead, just as the last stroke died away."

"This occurrence was repeated when my grandmother herself lay dying. The old clock struck twelve just as she drew her last breath, and my father, at last believing that there was something supernatural in the affair, had the old works removed, leaving only the hollow case, but a few years after, when my brother was brought home dangerously wounded after the battle of Chancellorsville, the long, slow, solemn tones of the old clock were heard as before, and poor Leon's life went out as they died on the air. They struck for my father and for my little child, who died last year. The clock warned me, too, when my sister died in Japan. I had just got a letter from her, in which she had spoken of feeling very ill, when I heard the old clock, which was in a remote store-room, strike so rapidly that the notes almost mingled, and then began slowly to strike another twelve strokes. 'My sister is dead,' I said to my husband, 'and has died very suddenly, but who the other strokes are for I can not imagine.' My husband tried to reason and then to ridicule the idea, but I mourned for my sister as earnestly as though I had seen her die, and when, as I knew I should, I heard of her sudden death I found it had taken place the same day and at the same hour as that on which the clock struck, allowing for the difference of time between Japan and Boston. Her baby, a few hours old, died a few minutes after the mother."

FUNERAL SERVICES

OF Marguerite, Infant Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Biddison.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1890.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"See that you have not one of these little ones, for their angels do always behold the face of the Father who is in heaven."

Dear friends, little can be said about so small a life, one that has scarcely a beginning of what you call life, yet in the larger sense, if we accept the thought that every life is equal in the Father's kingdom, and that the spirit cometh from the realm that is immortal as well as passes to the realm that is immortal, then however small the outward form, however brief the day of earthly life, there still is an immortal being there; there is still that which, clothed upon with immortal consciousness, is an eternal presence.

Little can be said of the earthly existence of this little one; but all the hopes and promises, the degrees of preparation, the loving expectancy, and the glad welcome clustered around her that clusters around the larger lives that are here. The loving preparation for her coming, the wonder of what she would be; and all the pain and suffering that brought her into existence were so much tribute to her young life; and all unaware of that pain and suffering, without knowing any of the preparations, she came smiling into the world that was ready and glad to receive her, and smilingly remained until the time for her to go.

How great a contrast to many lives, many little ones that are unwelcome; many that enter houses that are not homes; places of misery, want and sin; many little waifs that come floating out into earthly existence seemingly determined to stay, determined to suffer, determined to bear that suffering as best they may.

All promises and plans of human life fail; where there is love enough to receive children, sufficient support to educate and tenderly rear them, they turn away from loving arms; where there is poverty and want, they cluster and huddle around and seem to linger as if in mockery of the earthly state. To the material mind, to one who does not recognize a Divine Plan in the universe there would be no explanation for this except blind chance or a blinder law not governed by intelligence; but we who believe that not only the blades of grass and blooming flowers, the daisies by the wayside and the starry heavens above are planned by all perfect laws, but also human lives, we must believe that every human life is planned; that it is in the Divine keeping; that there is a law which regulates it while here and removes it from the earth into the larger and diviner world. But for this, what comfort could there be when a little child like this is ushered into the immortal existence and dies even as a bud of promise ere the blossom has appeared? What can a blind worshiper of eternal laws find in compensation for the closed eyes that have just learned to respond to the loving light of the happy faces around? There would be nothing in nature but mockery. It is true that all through material nature, there are some buds that perish, some forms that do not mature, lives that do not reach perfection, and the careful horticulturist prunes away a portion of the buds and blossoms that the fruitage may be better from those that are left; but this is not the case with human life; if there were not some compensation or knowledge beyond the earthly state, then life would scarcely be worth beginning, for there would be no inducement to go forward with the existence that is thrust upon one, and the struggles and sorrows would not in themselves be anything but bitterness for the compensation that earth could give.

How divine is all in the light of the spirit: we are forbidden to mourn, yet if one could mourn at all for death, it would be when a little life like this has gone. Many say it is because the laws of nature have been violated, it might have been prevented, and it is always thought by loving ones that something might have been done; one frequently thinks, when a dear one passes away: if I had done this, if I had done that, or if I had attended to this matter sooner I might have saved his or her life. It is well enough for love to think this; but after all, if this were true, then it proves that something could be ungoverned and undirected in the universe.

No doubt this little child did not come to stay here; no doubt that there are blossoms that are loaned to the earth for a while, then are taken away for the fairer kingdom of the skies. What would heaven be if all were grown up, stately and mature in years; is there no need of childhood there, as here is

there no need that all ages and conditions of life be represented there; may not the life that in its babyhood enters 'neath discipline and sorrow be an acquisition there? In heaven these little teachers are often wiser than parents would be on the earth.

It is the belief of those to whom we are summoned to minister to at this hour that while the ties of nature are strong, and it is hard to part from those who are loved, while the infant lately clasped in loving arms will be so missed, missed by the little ones who gathered with such delight around her, missed by the parents who loved her dearly, by the mother who will dream and cling to the form in memory, that still they are forbidden to mourn as those without comfort; for they believe that the child will live; that in the fairer kingdom of spiritual existence she will unfold and blossom to higher life; that there will be teachers and friends to receive her there, loved ones who will be bound to care for her; that the claims of those on earth will not be forgotten; that she will be taught to know her parents, her little brother's and sister, so that all that will make up the growth of years she will have and the added light of spirit life. It is their knowledge that the barriers that lie between the spiritual and earthly states are only the barriers of the senses, that like the thin film which divides you from seeing the atmosphere which you breathe, though without that atmosphere you could not live; so there is a thin film that prevents you from seeing this rarer, higher atmosphere that is near you; and that this baby life, having been set free from the earthly form, will bask in, beneath the loving care of guardian spirits.

Under the light of that Infinite Love that makes the larger realm, the realm of the spirit, to be greater and diviner because it is eternal, the longest human life is but babyhood; the wisest human life or mind is but a child. Even the geniuses of intellect looking back upon their lives say: "I feel that I am just beginning to know what life is."

The power of the larger stature of the angels and the higher growth in the immortal kingdom will be theirs. All human struggles and their accomplishments are like building baby houses, like playing with toys compared to the kingdoms of eternity. It is difficult to know what measures in human life can serve, except to do the best one knows, to perform the highest duties, to fulfill one's obligations and then leave the rest to the Infinite purpose.

No doubt this little life, brief as it was, filled an appointed niche, filled its place in this great structure of human life; brief though it was, it brought such happiness, such joy, goodness and hope to the household that of course there will be a lasting memory. Upon even a small child like this one, you can build the larger structure of eternity; the gray-haired man, or those of middle age can still know that baby hands can open the gateway of immortality. These little voices can be those to twine mortals toward the kingdom of light; those loving eyes can be their guide through many weary hours. You will remember this child-life; it will be treasured in the household. Those of you who have little children in heaven will know that perhaps she will join your little ones there, be their companions in the lessons and plays of the skies; that flinging loving garlands of flowers from the heavenly land, you will feel them and know them, and you will gather them up as the treasures of your existence. It is not too small a thing to follow the baby life; the king, the magnificent general leading his armies, is not a more absolute despot than is the baby of the household, who is king or queen of all the house, king or queen of all the realm wherein love abides. Justly so, because it is the kingdom of love. As the household is made up of many members, as each one should be a link in the chain of love, so when one of these little ones goes, the life is not lost, but bound in the loving links that make up the family circle. With other ones gone before she will clasp hands full of daisies, and minister to those left on earth. It was a sweet answer a little child made, when asked how many children her mother had. She said: "We are seven—four on earth, and three in heaven."

As a breath floating on the air
Is a baby's little earthly life;
As a blossom scarce unfolding, fair
Such was baby Marguerite.

As a daisy out of heaven,
Like a starbeam loaned to earth,
Something to your souls give,
To be a memory of sweet worth;
Such was baby Marguerite.

As a pearl set far above
The earthly shadow and the pain;
To be remembered in your love,
To be restored to your crown again;
Such was baby Marguerite.

As one strain of music sweet
In your sympathy of love,
Not lost, only passed to meet
The anthem sung above;
Such was baby Marguerite.

Battens and daisies blooming
All around your children's feet,
She will ever bring them down,
Sometime out of heaven, sweet
Flowers that grow for Marguerite.

When all the treasures are gathered
In the kingdom fair and bright,
All the children of the household
All the loved ones with delight,
Be sure that there your eyes shall meet
Among your treasures, Marguerite.

PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, Guide of every soul; Thou to Whom we turn as little children in our pain and in our joys, knowing that Thou art the help of the helpless, the strength of the weak, the uplifter of the fallen, the guide even of the wisest. O God; may the blessed light of the angels, sent to bear this precious life away, guard and guide those who remain. May the love that passeth all knowledge, and the peace that passeth all understanding abide with the household; and when the tears of nature shall have had their course, may all remember that in the sweet kingdom of life immortal another bud is unfolded, another blossom is in the garden of Paradise. May these young lives follow in thought into that heavenly kingdom. May the parents feel in this baptism of tears the added blessing that one more treasure is in Thy keeping, one more in the heavenly state, that when the household shall be changed from the earthly to the spiritual condition all will meet beneath Thy love there as here abiding in Thy light forever. Amen.

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GOING BACK TO SAVAGERY.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—I have read the able lecture of Clegg Wright in your paper of June 14th. He makes one statement so contrary to my views that I would like to notice it, and make some comments. The sentence is as follows: "Realize Bellamy's ideal, and you will go back to savagery right away." I do not see as he gives any reason for such a belief, nor do I think his reference to history, nor his inferences justify so dogmatic an assertion. It seems to me all history, and the law of progress, which he professes to believe in, are in accord with Bellamy's plan. If Bellamy's "ideal" exhausts the law of social progress, and at one bound sets man socially, intellectually and spiritually upon the highest summit, there would seem to be some plausibility to his arguments. I do not doubt if Bellamy had taken his nap 100 years ago and dreamed of the present state, Mr. Wright, if he had been a citizen of the 18th instead of the 19th century, would have said: "All those labor-saving machines would make dwarfs and drones of men, and women would have nothing to do but spin thread yarns." What are the facts? Men are farther from savagery, are stronger and healthier. What caused the downfall of Greece and Rome after a short race of progress? Was it too close observance of the golden rule? Too rigid an application of the equality of all men? Was it for lack of friction? Nay, the reverse was true. There was too much grabbing to appropriate wealth; too much interference with the rights of others; a disregard of the golden rule and universal brotherhood and equality; substituting for these the law of force, that knows no law but that of the barbarians, "Might makes right."

We have made marvelous progress and radical changes in the mechanical arts and in science in every direction, and still no sane man proposes to apply the break, and say we have gone far enough. We have made education more universal. The masses have been approaching nearer to an equality with the favored few. Nearly all can read and write in this and other partially civilized nations. Music and art have a place in nearly every home. But have we gone as far and are we bound to the slow coach progress of the past? Does Mr. W. suppose Mr. B's step forward will exhaust the possibility of social improvement, physical culture, moral, intellectual and spiritual growth?

Should we realize in our day all that Nationalists hope for, no doubt a more universal education and a finer sense of justice would open our eyes more and more to the discovery of new fields of labor, and with accelerated velocity march forward, and with zeal and energy perform the labors assigned us. The Golden Rule and our Declaration of Independence are principles as eternal and immutable as the law of gravitation. All social structures will be permanent, satisfactory and beautiful, in proportion as they accord with the Golden Rule, and the equality of men. All moral teachings and political economies that do not correspond with those immortal principles, rest upon sandy foundations, and will have no permanency, and can only give temporary shelter for a day, and will tumble down upon the heads of the occupants, and mock the ignorant and profane builders, while institutions and customs in accord with the great primal principles, will be as permanent as the earth itself. Yes, more so. No earthquake shocks or any force or cause can overthrow or mar such a structure. I have not nor will not attempt to defend Mr. Bellamy's plan. The book is its ablest defence. Every objection I have heard urged against it is answered, and all I have been able to suggest. I believe Bellamy is a prophet of a new and most glorious social revolution that calls for disciples consecrated to the work of social regeneration. Already the number is larger than Jesus and his disciples gathered round them during their lives. The changes to come socially need not wait the slow progress of Christianity and civilization in the past. Every modern discovery and invention should be consecrated and used to hasten the good time heralded by Nationalists, seconded by an innumerable host who ever since the first dawn of loves glad reign, eighteen hundred years ago have been singing: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." Those voices are becoming audible all over the world, and no Herod's sword, nor babel voices, nor faithless friends, can hinder the march from conquering unto conquer. Do not write me down as a disciple who believes Bellamy an infallible prophet. I only believe he has discovered and devised a plan for social improvement better than the present. The details will have to be tested by time and experience. Every body read the book. I believe none can do so without experiencing a growing faith and hope, and a broader "charity for all, with malice towards none."

Wm. Henry.

Farmersville, N. Y., June 21st, 1890.

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